Electronic, Late At Night

I don't plan or conspire
I don't want to get no higher
It's your lack of ambition
Well, they tell me that's what it's missing
All the guns out on the western front
Are quiet now
Well, it's nice to hear the world
Breath a sigh

CHORUS

It's like the colour of your skin
You know, it doesn't mean a thing
Nor do the clothes that we're wrapped in
It doesn't matter if you're thin
And though I lay awake at night
I know your arms will hold me tight
And I thank God we got it right
Here in this city late at night

We are each like no other
We are unique to our mother
We are foals in the stable
But we leave home when we're able
But we all need someone
Like the Earth needs the Sun
And our fate will be found
In this life in the ground

Don't you get it wrong

CHORUS

CHORUS